trails of coffee slopped from the dining room to the lounge. Fewer things got stolen. In fact nothing got stolen when Jack wasn't around. Gabriel even had enough pin money after supper to buy herself a coffee at Dino's. Usually Jack just took it. He even stole the manager's cigarettes. He'd light up right outside the big bay office window in plain view of staff. He wanted everyone to know. He was a good guy. He went to the food bank. He told the Holy Fathers that we didn't feed him. He was hungry. "Wa-a-a-ah." He returned with enough food for a small needy family. He opened the jars of peanut butter and the canned goods. He sampled their contents with his finger and left them to go bad on his dresser. Everything went bad. I had to go into his room to throw them out before they drew vermin. When I warned him that food in the room was against House rules he acted astonished. Couldn't he make himself a sandwich? He was a good guy. Not to mention handsome, and good-natured. He knew the rules. That's why he did it. Jack was cut off cigarettes.

"Staff entered client's room during room check at 6 P.M. and smelled smoke. Staff observed plume of smoke rising behind bed. Upon investigation Staff discovered client had wrapped lit cigarette in paper towel and inserted towel between mattress and wall. Staff informed client that setting fires in room was against House Rules. Client expressed dismay at Staff's apparent inability to evict from his room arsonists and other trespassers, some of whom were vocal and engaged him in endless long arguments."